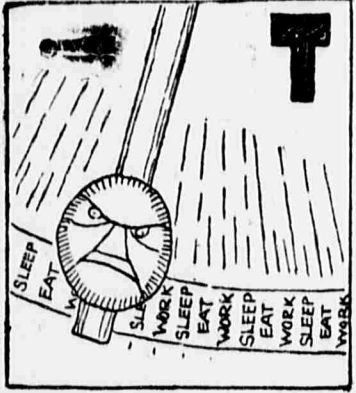


The Evening World.

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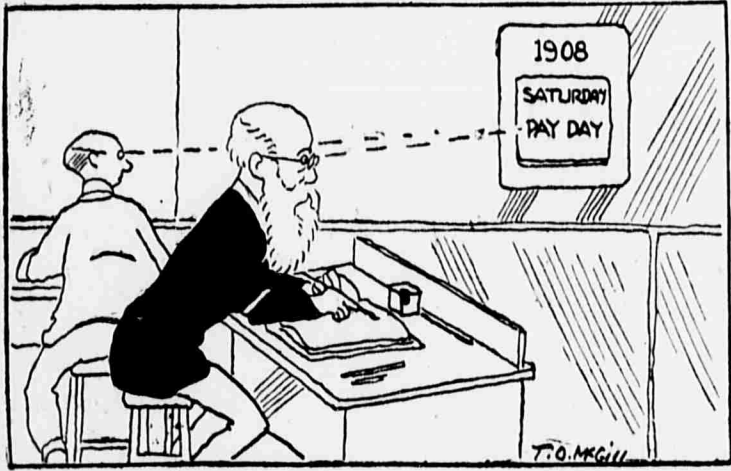
FAITHFUL SERVICE.



THE Pennsylvania Railroad publishes a list of 316 employees who have served the road for half a century or more in a humble capacity. One has the extraordinary record of 69 years of service and twelve have been in the company's employ for above 58 years.

Other cases of a lifetime devoted to one employer are those of the Brooklyn printer who set type for 66 years in the same newspaper office and the New York clerk who received a complimentary dinner on the conclusion of his half century of service with the same firm. But the dean of all faithful employees is the gardener on Lord Palmerston's estate in England, who has worked there continuously for 76 years. A parallel instance of a life passed in a narrow environment was that of the Catskill farmer who lived for 98 years within a radius of four miles of his birthplace.

These examples of faithfulness and contentment command respect. Such lives illustrate homely virtues which are growing rarer and contrast with the careers of the rovers and rolling stones from whom society's vagabonds are recruited. Yet they excite melancholy reflections on the opportunities lost and arouse sympathy for the humility which aspired no higher. Their sober wishes never learned to stray from the beaten path. They revolved in the most contracted of orbits, content with their treadmill round and deaf to ambition.



Men of this stamp are necessary to a nation's stability. They give it fixity and permanence. They anchor society. But in them lie none of the qualities which make for national greatness. They produce no pilgrims who cross the sea and plant new colonies. They furnish no explorers or pathfinders. Not from them come the great captains of war or industry. With such men in the majority there would be no California and no Alabama. There would be no great West and no American republic. The American continent itself would be unknown. Civilization would be at a standstill.

If these conditions of contentment prevailed boys would never leave the farm to win the great prizes of life. The log cabin would never lead to the White House. A Rockefeller would remain satisfied with a small commission business in a country town. Farmers would plow with forked sticks, as the Egyptians plowed. Who would amalgamate our railroads or loot our traction systems? There would be none to loot. The nation would disintegrate from dry rot.

The faithful employee is the foundation of business security. But there are other virtues which should accompany fidelity to an employer's interests—fidelity to one's own, energy, industry with a view to improvement and the development of capacity for higher things. These homely lives of faithful service are admirable examples of their kind, but they are not recommended to American youth for emulation.

AERIAL CAMP GROUNDS.

Given a half acre plot high in air and remote from street noises—that is to say, a skyscraper roof—what better summer resort could be desired by stay-at-home city dwellers? Here is fresh air at a mountain altitude reached by express elevators in forty seconds. The experience of three women who pitched their tents on the top of a downtown office building is narrated in the Sunday World Magazine.

The Sunday World contains much besides of direct interest to women—in particular an article on the growing feminine enthusiasm for sailing, and outlining the course of instruction in steering, rope splicing and setting the sails required to make the candidate competent to handle a boat.

Illustrations of "straight foot" walking, the new society fad, will appeal to them, as will the account of the return of the ruff and the intimate description of Miss Margaretta Drexel, most eligible of American heiresses. The heroine of the burial alive episode in Sandusky recounts her sensations under hypnotic trance. An amazing story is that of the Yale man whose mind came back—who went mad, suffered in asylums and wrote a book which has inspired a national movement for the more rational treatment of the insane.

Letters from the People.

The Unwritten Law.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I see there is a hint that the newest shooting scrape is to be furnished with appeals to the "unwritten law." In the name of all that is sane, why must this "unwritten law" be dinged into our ears forever? Why doesn't Mrs. Justice take a day off sometime and write it? That will relieve the earth of one idiosyncrasy.
 E. L. K.

Old Age and Work.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I have read the various methods one takes in an endeavor to secure employment. My father is only fifty years of age and spry, and has had thirty-five years' experience as a first-class machinist, but he has been idle nearly nine months, and it's a repetition of the same old story. "You're too old; we are laying off men." This sort of talk takes the ambition out of humanity and sometimes ends in some rash act or suicide. A family is dispossessed. What can one do in such a predicament? One is put out on the street. If he has no where to go he is arrested for vagrancy, where to go he is arrested for vagrancy.
 JON.

Out of the Bag!

By M. De Zayas.

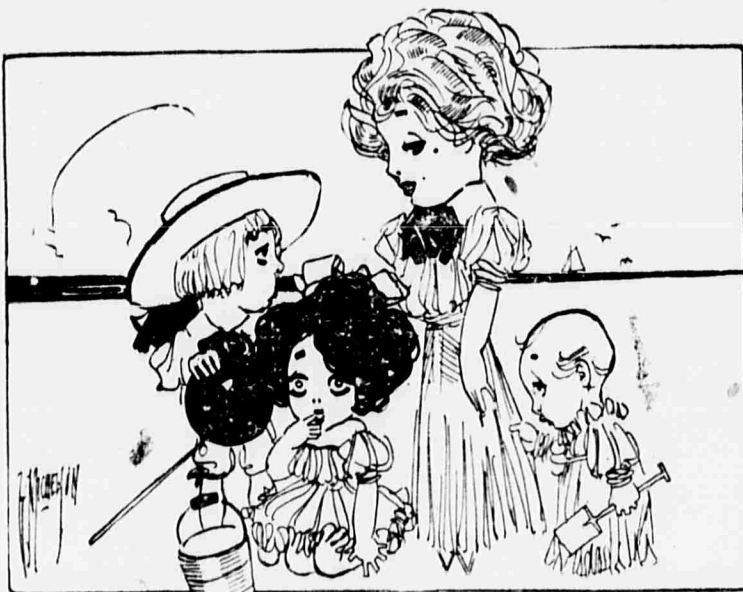


Tess of the Boarding House Holds Forth on the Woes of "Gerries" And Tells the Tale of a Somnolent Car Journey From Coney Island

By Joseph A. Flynn.



"WHAT'S the trouble with Scronjo?" I inquired of Tess at breakfast this morning, as the gentleman in question laid down his knife and fork and entered into a wordy war with an elderly lady at the head of the table.



She Went Down to the Beach.

"Oh, he's got another kick coming because some poor gerry woke up in the car he was in last night and yelled for fourteen blocks steady. He wants to know why people can't leave the babies at home, tied up to the foot of the table, instead of lugging them into stuffy cars just to show them off. He said just a little while ago that if he had his way all the geries who raised a howl in the cars would be taken off at the next corner and chloroformed."

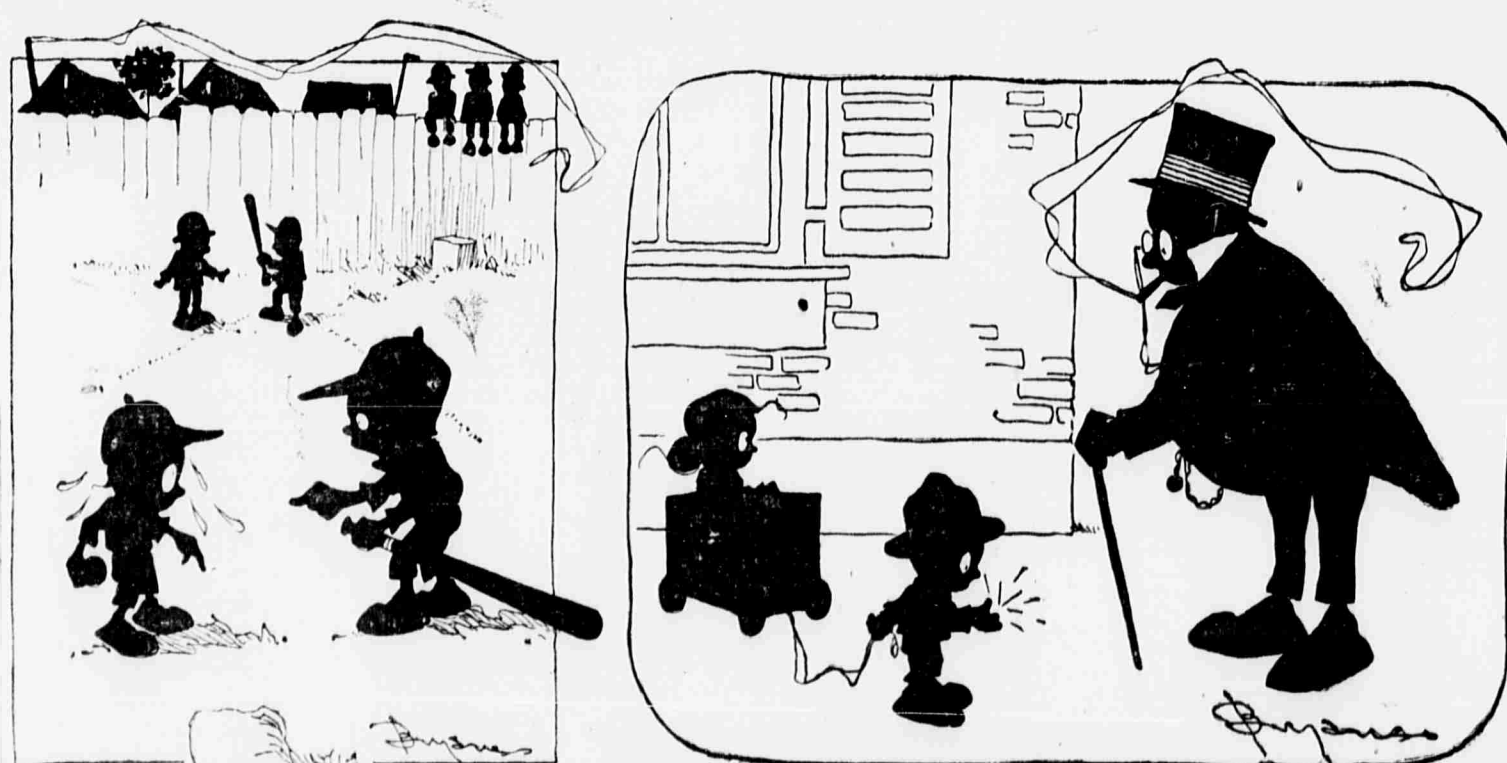
"Mrs. Starve-em gently reminded him that he was a gerry once upon a time, though it must have been a long while ago, and if he got his own medicine then there'd be 20 pounds of gloom missing from this world now."

"But that's the way with all you bays. Yes, and you're in the same class. You raised a long howl last night because that hungry kid that sits beside you got away with your portion of the beefs by mistake, and you

Reel put Adrian in a trance and he thought my shoulder was a pillow of hay, and faded away in a hurry; so I had nothing else to do but pike them off. Her dress looked as if it came through four wringers, two of her brown puffs were playing tag with her collar, and her bonnet sat everywhere but on the right spot on her head. "The poor geries were all in, and while I sat there I tried to doze out all the fun she was supposed to have. How would you like to lug three trouble-makers around all day, and see that they didn't do anything foolish enough to call for an undertaker? One blue-eyed kid, with hair just like mine, was dead to the world in her arms, another was leaning up against her back, while the other was bawling to beat the band, and using her lap for a mop. "There were about twenty old bats in the car, and the heavy faces they wore when that poor gerry cried was enough to give you the willies. One long drink of water alongside of me said, 'They ought to introduce that kid to a heavy hand,' and a member of the Beef Trust opposite said, 'Oh, no, my friend. You should never use your hand on a child; use a club.' And all the way home that poor Henrietta never raised a kick, but smiled like a kid let loose in a candy factory. "But where was her husband all this time?" I ventured to remark, making a marvellous reach, and capturing a lone biscuit. "Where most husbands are when they're needed," Tess replied, adjusting a new five-inch lace collar, "he was fast asleep, sawing wood."

In Black and White

By J. K. Bryans.



The Captain—See here, you've give seventeen men bases on balls! Dis here's a ball game, not no six-day walkin' match!

Kind Party—Now, little man, what will you do with that quarter I gave you? Little Man—Gee, boss, I'll marry Mamie here, an' start housekeepin' at once!

20 Wives; :- :-

Or, Why the Hearth Loses Its Lustre.

By Barton W. Currie

No. 19—The Wife That Adores Pets.



P ERHAPS you knew a wife before you married her. Possibly you and the Japanese poodle fought it out to the wire during the courtship, and when she tendered you her fluttering hand and heart you exulted over the poodle. And in your exultation you forgot all about the future and the part that animal would play in your domestic menage.

That is the way with most men to whom matrimony eventually means not only the support of a wife, but likewise the maintenance of a menagerie. They never wake up to the fact of the menagerie until it is quartered on them, until they are launched irrevocably into the duties of trained nurse to a Mexican hairless, a Leo hound, a tarot sundry canaries and an assortment of tables. Dog. That Noble Animal. Dog. That True Friend of Man. How many times did you read that beautiful sentiment and indorse it! Ah, yes! But that was before the situation was reversed and hand upon them for fear of starting it



"Cruel Man is Jealous!"

you became Man, that Noble Biped and Man, that True Friend of Dog. The Wife that Adores Pets regards herself as big-hearted, tender and kind. She could not bring herself to slay a fly or swat a mosquito, so tender is she of all things that creep and crawl. But as time tries her out her ill-fated mate discovers that she does not extend her exquisite tenderness to man—at least not to him. He may be wilted with the heat and worn with the day's toil, yet it is incumbent upon him to air one of the household kennel, wash the Angora or assist the bird in its molting process. "That's all nonsense. Will about your being tired," she will say pettishly. "You just want to be cruel to my darling." Then she will hug to her bosom an animal of the bob-tailed variety and bathe the "umsy wumsy swoozelum" with her tears. It is very edifying to hear a woman

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.



PEOPLE who still believe that marriages are made in Heaven must take a lot of comfort in being able to lay calamities like that on Providence. Matrimony is such an awful burden that most men are forced to find a fluffy blond affinity to help them bear it. A grub may become a butterfly, but the man who marries a butterfly and then expects her to turn back into a grub needs some lessons in natural history. To a man the horrid thing about a sheath skirt is that it leaves him nothing to speculate about nor particularly different to stare at on rainy mornings. Of course, there is a seamy side to love, as to everything else, but no man will go about wearing either his coat or his emotions wrong side out. When a man begins to grow uncomfortably stout it is a positive sign that that is the only thing on earth that worries him. The man who steals a kiss ought to know better—that is, if there is anything better than a stolen kiss. The hand that rocks the cradle may be the hand that rules the world, but the hand that rules a husband is the hand that holds the purse strings. Throw yourself at a man's head—and find yourself under his feet.

The Treadmill.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

EACH morn we awaken to eat, To labor throughout the long day; At night we return home to sleep, And thus the swift years roll away. Like the dumb beast, we toil in our need, Our life passing steadily by; We live, and we labor, and breed; We eat, and we sleep, and we die. Like cattle that work in the field Their daily monotonous round, We toil on, unknowing Life's yield, Only sure of our six feet of ground. And when the proud spirit is free From its cumbersome wrappings of clay, What has it gathered—ah me!—Of wisdom, to carry away?

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES.

In Trouble.
 LITTLE Newman's mother had faithfully tried to answer his questions in regard to death and the future life, and he had been told that when he died just his soul would go to heaven. One day he came running in from his play, and in excitement said: "Mamma, if just my soul goes to heaven what am I going to button my pants on to?"
 Delano.

Tool, Tool!
 A WOMAN on the train entering Grand Rapids asked the conductor how long the cars stopped at Union station. He replied: "Madam, we stop just four minutes, from two to two and two." The woman turned to her companion and said: "I wonder if he thinks he's the whistle on the engine."—Outdoor Life.